

New York. 12 Dec 1860

Dear Deborah.

all your letters inclding  
the first letter. with the letter of  
11<sup>th</sup> inclding Rosamond's missus  
are safely rec'd; the new mail route  
is a comfort & your letters will now  
always be rec'd in the morning. & as old  
dear brush on Cape Cod wrote to say  
Vice Versa. — I now return. C<sup>o</sup> letter  
I remember very distinctly the Penguin  
route. C. writes like a book. —

I am so busy that I have  
hardly a moment to write. The French  
are playing a desparate game of Bray.  
& their game is about played out.  
The North Hand up to the neck

After that I need suppose he would.

It looks now as ~~the~~ the South would  
Leave. & no Secession off'ree from  
all I can see people are getting into  
a state of mind. a sort of discontent  
a dam, at the weak end, but we  
won't give in. I am holding on  
to the coast tail. who is struggling  
to get a meeting called by Mayorgood,  
to devise ways to save the Union. Le would  
go if I would let him. but I told  
him I would kick him if he went.

You understand me & posteriorly  
will speak me off you. but if  
you appear at that meeting.

Ameration is returning will  
see you. - I think I have

choaked him off. ~~the~~ I shewd even  
Robt down the portr. to watch him.

Sarah seeing a dreadful shock  
yesterday. a Butcher appareld for some  
fair veal. & in expectation on its beauty  
since it was the veal of two calves  
who came at one birth. Sarah was  
so shocked at thy rare & curious  
a Twin. that. veal has been  
forfeiture the Town. I may  
come on the last of the work.

Allmee. J. Brown

Brown

